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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A few words to Young Amateurs of Music.

By DAISY.

II.

In Painting, the artist depends upon his sight for accuracy. The Poet has rules for the construction of his verses. But the Musician in his studies, relies solely on his delicate sense of hearing; and he must hear not merely with his outward ear; he must first recognize the power of music within his own soul, to be able to reproduce it for the benefit of others. This is the reason why we so seldom, even among those who call themselves Amateurs, find one who is really deserving of the title. They will perhaps attend every concert within their reach, and extol to the skies this or that performer, but of the merits of the music they care nothing. If you were to inquire why they wish to be thought lovers of music, you might be answered in one word:—Fashion.

But we will suppose, dear reader, that you are truly an Amateur—you love Art for its own sake. You delight to awaken the spirit of Music, and listen to her descriptions of the beautiful ideals which your fancy has created. You desire to touch your instrument as a musician.

Be particular, first of all, to lay aside all petty vanity, the instant you strike the first notes of your piece. Do not flatter yourself that when you are requested to play, you can add to the merits of the music by any display of affectation. If you possessed the beauty of an Apollo or a Venus, you would never show to advantage by twisting your body into contortions, or by suffering your hands to spring up and down as if each key were a coal of fire. We have seen persons attempt to perform pieces of unquestioned merit,

but which they rendered with so little propriety of movement, that the mere sight of the performer was intolerable. They would sway from side to side like a ship in a storm, and roll their eyes as if they were trying to discover the capacity of those organs for the first time. And when they came to difficult passages requiring more power of execution than they had acquired, they would cast down their eyes, and protest with a simper:—"Really, they had learned the piece so long ago, they had forgotten it!"

Play conscientiously. Do not put in unnecessary trills, or ornaments of any kind. Stick to your notes. In undertaking to play to an audience, you tacitly agree to give them as nearly as you can, the ideas of the composer. You might as well take Shakespeare, Milton, or any other author, and intersperse your reading with sentences of your own, as pretend to improve the compositions which you have learned, by additional "phrases" of your invention. If the music will not stand on its own merits, it is not worthy your attention at all.

Carl Formes.

Carl Formes is of Spanish descent. His great-grandfather, Formes de Varez, was secretary to the Spanish Legation at the Hague. His son was born there, and became a prominent and distinguished soldier. The father of Formes was also a soldier, and fought under the banner of Napoleon. Carl was born on the 7th of August, 1818, in the little village of Mühlheim, on the Rhine. He received instruction in music early in life and displayed great love for the art; but his father, being a practical man, proposed that he should follow some other occupation. The course of life decided upon for him became extremely distasteful to the young artist, and he took the only way in his power to free himself from it—he enlisted in the Austrian service. This step fortunately brought him to Vienna, where his intelligence and fine musical organization soon attracted the attention of Bassadone, who at once offered to direct his musical studies. He pursued his art with enthusiasm and such rapid strides that on the 6th of January, 1842, he made his debut in Cologne in the character of Sarastros in Mozart's opera of "Die Zauberflöte." His success was unequivocal, and he was admitted into the community of artists from that night. In 1843 he was chosen a member of the Court Opera at Manheim, and in 1844 he became a primo basso assoluto at the Imperial Opera House in Vienna, where he receives the largest salary ever given to a German artist, and which is to be paid to him as long as he lives.

In the Revolution of 1848, Formes discarded the gentle allurements of Art, and took up arms in the cause of the people. He was among the first to erect barricades and was unwearied in the cause of liberty. When Vienna surrendered, he went to Holstein, still hoping that the cause of the people would triumph. But finding that liberty had no foothold anywhere, he resumed his profes-

sion, and for a while resided in Hamburg, where he gained both additional experience and renown. His siding with the liberal cause effectually shut him out from Vienna, so he sought a temporary home in England, and became a member of the celebrated German Opera company which was organized and gave performances at Drury Lane Theatre in the year 1849. In this company were Caradori and Rudersdorf, with Reichardt as tenor, Formes as basso, and Carl Anschutz as director. Formes labored in this enterprise incessantly and magnanimously, for, the affairs going badly, he not only sang day after day and produced the operas himself, but absolutely refused all remuneration, that the poorer subordinate artists might receive enough to live upon. This generous and liberal conduct was fully appreciated by all his brother artists and served to make his reputation as solid as it was brilliant. His next step in England was to the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, then under the direction of Mr. Gye. He created a perfect enthusiasm in Meyerbeer's operas, "Les Huguenots" and "Robert Le Diable," and became at once established as a popular favorite both with the aristocracy and the people.

But that which endeared him to the English public was his performance of the grand oratorios of Handel, Haydn and Mendelssohn. Singing in the language that they understood, they fully appreciated his earnest manner, his artistic excellence and his superb and all-pervading voice.

Nature has bountifully showered her gifts on Formes, and his own perseverance has added all the qualities which are desirable to make him the greatest basso artist of our day. His face is that in which we see the spirit both of the scholar and the soldier happily and nobly blended, and his form is full, manly and commanding. Thus, in every respect, Formes may be deemed the most attractive vocalist of the age in the rôles which he assumes; and he has won, by his artistic triumphs, the highest position everywhere in Europe. He has been received with the highest distinction by Queen Victoria, who has selected him as the musical tutor of her royal children. The greatest composers have acknowledged him as the best basso living, and to prove it, "Martha Stradella" and the "Merry Wives of Windsor" were composed for him. Mendelssohn delighted to honor him. Costa composed "Eli" for him; and, in fact, wherever he has been he has commanded the admiration alike of artists and the public. It is a treat of the most delightful kind to hear him sing the songs of Schubert, and in the "Erl König" he produces a magical effect upon his auditors. In English he can sing with wonderful effect, as will be universally conceded when the public have an opportunity of hearing him utter the "Bay of Biscay," which to the present generation must be in effect like that of Braham forty years ago.—*Leslie's Illus. News.*

MADAME CARADORI.—No reader of the German, French and English musical periodicals for the last fifteen years, can have failed to notice her name often, accompanied with criticisms and notices in the highest degree favorable. She is not to be confounded either with Caradori-Allan, or the Caradori, daughter of the violinist of the name. She is a native of Pesth, where she was born of Italian parentage in 1823, and where she

received her musical education. She made her first appearance about 1840, at the great Kärntnertheater in Vienna, and was successively engaged in all the principal operas of Central Europe,—Lemberg, Warsaw, Berlin, Breslau, &c. In 1851-3 she was in Constantinople, Bessarabia and Moldavia. In Moldau she sang at Court, and was employed as a teacher of the princesses. In 1853 she came to London, and in connection with Formes, established an opera at Drury Lane.

Since that time London for the most part has been her headquarters, although she has visited, in company of Formes, Reichardt and Benedetti, most of the large cities of England, Scotland and Ireland. In 1855 she went to Lisbon as a star, where she had great success; in '56 she had an engagement in Barcelona, where she turned the heads of the people, and during the winter of 1856-7 she was prima donna at La Scala, in Naples.

Madame Caradori is a blonde, and, like Angri, of large and imposing person.—*Courier*.

Mademoiselle Rachel.

(From the N. Y. Tribune.)

On the 24th of March, 1820, in a poor inn at Münf, in Switzerland, Ester Haza Felix, wife of a travelling Jew peddler from Metz, gave birth to a daughter who received the name of Elizabeth Rachel, and who died of consumption on the morning of the 5th inst. at Cannes, whither she had gone in the vain hope of escaping from the malady from which she was destined never to recover. Between these dates she had passed through scenes in real life almost as strange and as strangely contrasted as those to which, for a passing hour, she gave a mimic reality on the stage.

Her parents were, at the time of her birth and for some years afterward, barely able to support their large family by diligent exercise of their wandering profession. They at last settled at Lyons; the mother trading in second-hand clothes, the father—a man of some education, and prevented only by poverty from having studied law—helping at the shop by giving lessons in German; Sarah, the oldest of the daughters, singing at the cafés, and accompanied by Rachel, whose business was to play on the guitar, which she did poorly, and collect the charitable sous, which she did well. About the year 1830 the family came to Paris, where the girls continued to sing at the cafés. It was at one of the poorest of these that a clerk employed in one of the Government bureaus, was impressed with the manner of the child Rachel, as she recited, not sang, some verses—her sharp, wild-looking little face showing a remarkable power of expression at that early age. By his influence she was placed at a school of elocution and declamation—the head of which, an actor at the Theatre Français, soon interested himself in his pupil, and took the utmost pains to cultivate her natural talent for the stage. It is a little curious that Rachel herself, or Elisa, as she was then called, preferred comic to tragic parts, and indeed, up to nearly the close of her brilliant career, would not relinquish, despite repeated failures, belief in her capacities as a comic actress. From the school, with which was connected a small theatre for the pupils, she went to the classes of the Conservatoire, and thence to the Gynase, where she had an engagement for three years at 3,000 francs a year. Here she took again the name of Rachel, and made her debut in a piece written for her, in which, notwithstanding a full attendance of Israelites in the cheap parts of the house, and a passing recognition of her promising talent by Frederic Soulie and Jules Janin, she had but indifferent success. The play was withdrawn after a few nights, and she was obliged to fill unimportant parts in the vaudevilles and light comedies, which were the speciality of the Gynase.

To be thus kept in the third or fourth rank, out of all rank in fine, must have been the gall of bitterness to the future "queen" not only "of tragedy," but queen of the Theatre Français.

The 12th of June, 1838, she made her first appearance on this last named stage as Camille in the *Horaces*. Her talent was instantly acknowledged and warmly praised by Jules Janin and other critics. But the "town" was out of town, and for the first few nights of her engagement she played to almost empty houses, or, rather to empty boxes, for the chosen people came in zealous aid of her to the pit and galleries. The third night the receipts were but \$60, and on the fourteenth night amounted to only \$125; that was the beginning of September; but the fifth night after, in the same part, she brought \$425, and again in the same part, on the 19th of October, \$1,225 to the house. The last time she appeared on that stage was in March, 1855. The sum of receipts obtained for this theatre by her acting, from 1838 to 1855, amounts to 4,394,231 francs. But during this period, it is to be remembered, she played oftener elsewhere than at the Theatre Français. During the yearly vacation accorded to her by her contract of engagement, she was capable of extraordinary fatigue. Sharply spurred by the love of gain, she gave no less than 74 performances in less than 90 days, during her congé in the Summer of 1849, at 34 different towns. To make such an expedition possible, she had a large diligence which held, if it did not accommodate, herself and all her troupe—kings and queens and ancient heroes and modern lords and ladies, with their crowns, robes, sceptres, etc., were all contained in and piled and hitched upon this diligence. It was carried by rail when railroad served, and drawn by horses when steam was lacking, the true motive force residing in the passionate will of the great actress.

Grasping to excess, as she is said to have been in money matters, she certainly was not avaricious, as she has been represented. To all the members of her own family she was generous in the extreme, and, excepting passing gusts of passion, to be attributed to her excessively nervous temperament rather than to any badness of heart, there is no reason to doubt that she performed faithfully and lovingly all the duties of daughter, sister and mother. Fast as she rose in fortune she drew her family after her. Though she is said to have accumulated by her professional labors more than 2,000,000 francs, she thought less of herself than of her two sons.

It would not be worth while here to repeat any remarks upon Rachel's acting; as for saying anything new on that point, it is impossible. On the French stage she has no successor—which means that the classic drama, the tragedies of Corneille and Racine, are likely to disappear with her. There is no one who can pose as an ancient Greek or Roman dame so statuesquely as she. In modern, live, panting drama there are, no doubt, her equals in Paris to-day, and Ristori, in the expression of every passion but hate, is her superior.

But, considering her origin and early association, Rachel's life off the stage is perhaps more remarkable than any of her performances before the footlights. While she was yet a girl, almost a child, she was received and courted in the truly "best society" of Paris; and never, either then before titled dames and high church dignitaries, nor later, in presence of royalty, did she appear otherwise than in her natural place; a modest, graceful dignity never forsook her, nor was there any of the nervous agitation which embarrassed, and almost convulsed her at a "first performance" throughout her long theatrical career. Among her fellow actors, she was often imperious and unreasonable; yet none of them could quarrel with her to her face unless she chose—the witchery of her attractions was irresistible. Although her education was defective, and her literary tastes but little cultivated by study, her letters are often admirably turned, and her conversation was charming to men of judgment as well as to men of wit. This was due not only to her own quickness and brilliancy of repartee, but to a singular justness, wisdom and breadth of understanding, which she knew how to exhibit.

The fatal malady of which she died was contracted in this country during her visit to Boston in the Autumn of 1855. It was greatly aggra-

vated at Philadelphia, where she played a single night in a cold theatre, the performance being followed by a violent pneumonic attack. Her last appearance on the stage was at Charleston, S. C., where she played *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. A lady in the audience, on that occasion, wrote the next day to a friend in this city, that Rachel would never act again—a prophecy but too exactly fulfilled.

She died a tenacious adherent of the Jewish religion, though it has often been reported that she had been baptized into the Roman Catholic Church. A Rabbi, from Toulon, attended her death bed; and she was to be buried in the Hebrew Cemetery at Paris.

(From the Boston Daily Advertiser.)

Rachel.

The fiery genius which poured its lava through the marble veins of Racine and Corneille, "creating a soul under the ribs of death;" which made the blood even of Englishmen hot or cold, at will; which strung the souls of Frenchmen to madness, as, in her Marseillaise, she prophetically shrieked the fatal entrance of Revolution, and which (one would have thought) could have driven death himself back terrified with one look of those eyes, and one movement of that forefinger.—has gone!

That person, delicate and slender almost to attenuation, at times tottering under its weight of woe, yet lithe, supple, enduring as if nerves were steel, and of perfect symmetry; those lips, as capable of witchery beyond all rivalry of mere sensuous beauty as they were of hissing out words of death; those introspective, passion-burnt, yet beautiful eyes, from which, in high passion, "flew terror;" that brow almost too full but for its rounded beauty and its appropriately crowning person and face with supreme intellect; that strange and simple grace and beauty in repose, and that serpent-like beauty and fiendish power in passion,—shall never be looked upon again except as they are burnt into the brain and memory of every one who saw her in the light of that terrible Hebrew genius.

Whatever may have been the queenly sweep and impassioned abandonment of Mrs. Siddons; whatever may be the genius of Ristori,—Rachel, "of all this world," stands supreme for the intensest apprehension and most intellectual interpretation, and for the fiercest and subtlest representation of what is most fearful and fiendish in passion.

There is ever something almost miraculous in the coming of genius. Nature herself seems to step in to transcend her own laws, superbly disdaining distinguished ancestry for her favorites, and denying genius to their posterity. Like King Cophetua wooing the beggar-maid, she laid her richest gifts at the feet of this child of a Jewish hawker in the village of Münf, in Switzerland, on the 24th day of March, 1820; followed her when a little girl gathering up the few coins which rewarded her elder sister Sarah's singing in the cafés of Lyons; then to the cafés of Paris, in 1830, when she was old enough to sing with her sister; then to her admission, through the appreciation of M. Choron, to the Conservatoire; then to her struggles in 1837 as an actress, producing no sensation, but mastering with the rapidity and completeness of genius those processes indispensable to art, and gathering up strength for ultimate victory; and then to the Theatre Français, on the night of the 24th of June, 1838, where she saw all those original gifts and perfected acquirements blaze in Camille, and Paris place upon the head of Rachel the crown which death only could remove.

Nature strangely vindicated herself against the antipathies of mankind, in selecting—to be admired for her surpassing beauty as well as her consummate genius—one of that mysterious race whose origin is a puzzle to ethnologists, whose national qualities have flowed and are to flow as long unmixed, whose biblical history is one long struggle of obdurate evil propensities with an ingrained and tyrannizing religious faith, and whose latter history is ever connecting itself with the greatness of its past by examples of

genius, of which Spinoza, Mendelssohn, Rachel and Disraeli are but a few of the brilliant illustrations.

It is one of the noblest traits of humanity that, next to the loss of near kindred and dear friends, we mourn over the lights of genius just set,—whether in Art, in oratory, or in poetry, they have filled our imaginations and become a part of our intellectual life. And, perhaps, closer still to our hearts comes the loss of one possessed by that intermediate and interpretative genius which conveys, with the subtlest magnetism and most impassioned identification, the poet's thoughts and conceptions to even the dullest hearts and brains.

How vividly her death calls up in imaginative review her varied and transcendent impersonations—but above all we now love to recall her in the Camille in which she won her first fame. In no other character was she so beautiful. There she stands, to our minds, in the first act, with that exquisitely simple drapery held together by the right hand upon her bosom—young, fresh, lovely, and as unconscious herself of the terrible power which flamed in her final curse, as she was of the awful events and struggles which produced it.

w.

From my Diary, No. 21.

Jan. 20.—Tap, tap, tap.

Diarrist.—Come in.

(Enter anonymous correspondent.)

D.—Ah, yes, my lady, about Hinton, poor fellow.—Wait a moment, I'll find you a place—you see I am like that great philosopher whose quarters were too small to swing a cat in—like him, too, because I don't want to swing a cat. By moving my table back, tossing the boots under the sofa, and relieving the chair of coat, hat, books and newspapers, I'll soon give you a seat by the fire. There, that will do. I pray be seated, and we will have a chat upon that matter "autocratically."

Ahem,—Now, my lady, honestly, do you not think that you were r-a-t-h-e-r severe upon the young man?—You ask, if I could possibly think his solo was to be tolerated?—That depends, as people say now-a-days. "Was it not one of the most extravagant of modern extravagances in composition and execution?"—Why, it was Satter's *Marche de Bacchus*, or some such title, and very probably requires extravagant execution—I cannot say. But, before speaking farther about the young man, I wish to adjust certain preliminaries—to get at some principle, which may be applied to the case. In fact, my lady, you have opened the great "Pupil question," and I am disposed to devote a few minutes to it. I ought rather to say the "Pupil nuisance!"

Did you ever read "Thinks-I-to-myself?"—Then you remember the scene in which the fond mother calls upon her boy to exhibit his oratorical powers, and he does it in some such style as this:

"By dabe is Dorval od the Grabpiad hills
By father feeds his flocks a frugal swaid," &c.

You remember the comments made to the mother, and those made about her. Very well; but that, say you, was only a case of a fond, foolish mother, and her "dear, little, ducky darling." True, but it will do for a starting point. Let us go a step higher.

Living in Cambridge, you have sometimes attended the College and High School exhibitions, and heard the boys speak pieces, and derived a certain satisfaction from it. Whence did it arise? Surely the interest which you took in one who began with "Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation," was very different from that which you would have felt had you heard Webster saying the same words on Bunker Hill. So, too, at the public examination, it gave you pleasure to hear one of the girls—one of the good readers—read the piece which she had carefully studied under her teacher. You went to hear boys declaim, and girls read—you went to hear pupils, not masters, and were very well satisfied.

Suppose, now, some stage-struck young man should become a pupil of Vandenhoff, or young woman a pupil of Mrs. Butler, and at the readings of their teachers should be brought out to give specimens of their abilities; you would aver with Dogberry this "is most tolerable and not to be endured;" or that, in your family circle, you ask the young theatrical aspirant, pointing to your table loaded with the last magazines and reviews, to read something; whereupon she rushes to the book-case, seizes a volume of Shakspeare, disposes the lamps to suit her, makes her formal obeisance, and inflicts some half dozen scenes of Macbeth upon you, as nearly a *la Kemble*, as she happens to be able. How very delightful! You would join me in calling this "the pupil nuisance." Your College and High School boys and girls would soon get their "quiets" should they inflict upon you, at evening parties, at the Lyceum lecture, or even in the family circle, the declamations and readings, which they had been drilled upon week after week by their instructors.—"Quite right," say you? Why, very well, I hope here be truths!... Don't be impatient, I shall reach the piano-forte by and by.

Suppose next season our Athenæum gallery should be half filled with the copies of pictures made by the pupils of Church, and Brown, and Page, and so on, or with busts executed (in the sense of murdered) by the pupils of our sculptors. You would indignantly cry, 'pupil nuisance, pupil nuisance!' Or suppose that the next number of the *Atlantic Monthly* should be half made up of College themes and High School compositions. Bless me! I shudder at the thought, and so do you! And thus you have attained unto a realizing sense of what is meant by our phrase 'pupil nuisance!'

Now, it is remarkable, that precisely that thing, which, in all other departments of Art we vote at once, unanimously, to be unbearable, is not only tolerated but positively encouraged in Music. A, B, C, and D, and Misses and Madames E, F, G, and H, become pupils of Herr This, Signor That, Monsieur One, and Madame 'Tother, teachers of singing, and take lessons by the quarter; some one, some two, and some more, we will say up to a dozen. After a while the great scena from *Der Freyschütz*, *Costa Diva*, *Qui la voce*, *Al mon Fils*, or some other piece of like character, which has thrilled our very souls when sung by Lind, Sontag, Alboni, Angri, Salvi, or Pirelli—which, like Sir Toby's catch, might "draw three souls out of one weaver"—is given the pupil to study. Week after week it is rehearsed before the teacher. Here must be a *crescendo*, there a *ritardando*, in this bar an explosive tone, and in that a *staccato*: this passage must show a grand *portamento* and that one must be trilled; at this precise point you must take breath—Jenny Lind did—because immediately afterward comes the cadenza, which we have been practising for a fortnight past,—and so forth. After a year, or perhaps two—it is of no consequence—Lilly Dale has achieved three of these things; a scena and aria, a romanza, and a cavatina. Of course it is time she should appear in public, and so it is announced on the placards of Mr. So and So's concert that "Miss Lilly Dale, pupil of Herr This (or Madame 'Tother, as the case may be) will make her first appearance and sing the great Scena from *Der Freyschütz*." Cheap way that for the teacher to advertise, but no matter.—And so the people go, and applaud, and make a great fuss, and call the young woman out, and throw her a nosegay or two, and the next morning, about the only thing one reads in the notice of Mr. So and So's concert, is, how Lilly Dale sang, and the writers talk learnedly about voice, and style, and method, and give marvelous advice, and the reader after laying down the paper, thinks a moment, and says to his neighbor,—“You were there last night, but how *did* the girl sing, though?”

Mark you, my lady, I have not said a single word against this sort of thing. I find no fault with it, not a word; it is our way here in Boston and New York, and it is all right, of course—though, between me and thee, I like the way Miss Fay came before the public last evening at least four score times better. It was her own concert; the concert of the pupil.

When Sontag sang the *Freyschütz* Scena with German words, and all the people with tearful voices exclaimed, "Oh, how superbly beautiful this Italian singing is!" we listened to it for the sake of the beautiful music and its superb performance. When Lilly Dale sings it, we listen to see how she will do it. Mr. Brown remarks: "Quite good for a beginner." Mr. Smith: "I that girl bids fair to be a singer some time." Mr. Jones: "I think she lacks expression somewhat;" and all over the hall the people are sitting in judgment upon her, here and there one groaning in spirit and thinking of the difference between our pupil and Jenny Lind.

Now, my lady, you tolerate all this, and would be indignant should I declare Lilly Dale's scena a specimen of the pupil nuisance. I do not; because, as hinted above, it is the recognized thing. And yet how many Lilly Dales would produce ten times the effect and gain ten times the reputation, if they would sing some English song, which they really love and feel. I remember at a New York Philharmonic concert, a few years ago, two German girls sang some two-part songs by Mendelssohn. Everybody was delighted. The applause was loud and sincere. So Miss Minnie must needs show what she could do, and afterwards attempted one of these difficult Italian airs. Result—suicide, i. e. musical. There was an end of Miss Minnie as a singer. Moreover, when Lilly Dale tries to sing Sontag's airs—through natural and unconscious imitation,—she is apt to put them on.

Mr. Hinton at last. Will you not allow, my lady, the same privilege to the young pianist that you do to the young singer? If not, why not? Is the pupil nuisance greater in the one case than in the other?—I wot not. *Per se* I cannot tolerate Lilly Dale's cavatina, nor can you Mr. H's solo. But their cases are perfectly analogous, it strikes me.

Here is quite a young man, who I suppose has not had very much regular instruction, but having a strong love for the piano-forte and intending to make music his profession, he concludes to become a pupil of Satter. After a few lessons, being employed of an evening to play accompaniments, he is surprised to find himself on the programme, announced to play a solo. It is no wish of his, but his teacher has put him there; he takes a composition of that teacher, and does the best he can under the circumstances—the best not being up to his usual mark, knowing what is immediately to follow—and how the contrast between him and his teacher must tell! The performance may not be a very good one, it may be worse than Lilly Dale's Scena, and yet, upon the whole, one may say of it, that it was creditable to his teacher and himself. Was it, now really, so very bad?

No wonder, my lady, you are tired; I had no idea of talking so long!

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, JAN. 1.—I am still unable to report to you of any signs of upward progress—so long desired and needed—in our Art; and least of all in our dramatic music. Berlin has been so famous as a rallying point of intellectual resources, and has maintained such a reputation for critical acumen and profundity, that I should like to tell to the "New World," from this Art metropolis of

our old Europe, some really notable thing in the way of cherishing and developing our noble Art, something which might serve for a model and example; alas! after an impartial, conscientious survey, I find but very little I can offer. And although I have the consolation that it looks not much better in nearly all other places, that everywhere the same languor, hankering for effect and lack of taste hold back all earnest strivings, still this consolation is a very feeble one; and we might almost look with envy on the life and progress that we hear of in your "New World" (supposing these reports not to spring from the exaggerations of vanity), were it not that every sort of envy in the true artist's heart is checked by hearty joy in all reports of further progress and perfection in our Art, although they come from the youngest child of our Civilization, outlying us in our exhaustion.

So long as we have not men of greater genius for kapell-meisters in our once world-famous Royal Opera,—so long as these posts and that of our present unmusical Intendant are not filled by true, self-sacrificing artist natures, we cannot hope from this stage any more complete or freshly rounded artistic performances; and whatever praiseworthy matters I may tell you of this time, they still remain but isolated facts and offer us no compensation for the want of an artistic whole. Especially does our musical activity lack measure, symmetry, *juste-milieu*. In the concert season we have a bewildering storm and deluge of concerts, soirées and matinées. Among them we have Quartet and Trio Soirées, which many times before have celebrated their jubilee, with such stoical perseverance have they played to us these twenty years the classical chamber music. We have the famous Liebig's Capelle, which with equal perseverance plays the classical orchestral works; but while on the one hand I must praise it for opening the doors of true Art to the poorer classes of the people, dog-cheap, and thus contributing in an uncommon measure to their elevation: on the other hand, almost all these societies lack the genuine artistic fervor; their execution is so stereotyped and mechanical, that the noblest and most edifying part, the spiritual nerve and marrow of the whole is lost, and makes a not more sympathetic impression than Shakspeare's sublimest poetry in the mouth of a dry, monotonous reader.

In contrast with this mechanical routine all other productions move in the extreme of a nerve-harrowing, breathless, stunning, and strangling eagerness for effect. Against this, many a youthful talent, full of noble purpose and striving after the highest ideal, has excited itself until there is nothing left but the burnt out crater of the Reviewer's misanthropic rage. Hence on the one hand the want of independent power of judgment, on the other the astonishing contentedness of our public.

Among the best performances at the Royal Opera I may specify that of *Don Juan*, although our always excellent Frau Köster has not recovered full possession of her once enrapturing powers of voice. As compensation for that she gave us a nobly inspired presentation of the part of Donna Anna, which was only occasionally lame in the too slow and dragging delivery of some airs. This was followed, in sharp contrast with a host of Italian and French things, by *Oberon*, *Orpheus* and *Fidelio* in quick succession, and with Frau-

lin Maray from London as the star. Her sun of song alas! is sinking; her greatness, which has been recognized as without question, belongs to the past; this is too plainly told by the sharpness and thinness, the continual *tremolo* in her higher register. Yet one always feels that all has been formed by the most careful study; both in her singing and in the movement of her plastically beautiful limbs, all is graceful and carefully thought out,—often too much so, till it seems manneristic, like everything which seems to spring more from indefatigable labor than from the divine energy of talent.

For a make-shift opera, we had Lortzing's *Czaar und Zimmermann*. Lortzing's light and charming operas, by their sterling, wholesome music, like the masterly comic operas of a Dittersdorf and a Schenk, have become truly German national operas; their innocence and freshness animate and please us; and the *Czaar und Zimmermann* especially has become a famous favorite among German operas. Unfortunately the ensemble, which requires great care and energy, wanted the necessary precision, and the only part which had high worth was the Burgomaster of our veteran Zschiesche.

On the Queen's name-day *Iphigenia in Tauris* was brought out as a festival piece. Gluck regarded this work as an immediate sequel to his *Iphigenia in Aulis*, and most intimately connected with it. Hence he wrote for the two operas but one overture; hence the second is full of reminiscences of the first, whose significance is only rightly appreciated by acquaintance with the preceding work. How wonderfully, for example, this appears in the sacrificial chorus of the wonderful second act! There stands the same *Iphigenia*, that we have once seen as the honored daughter of the king of kings. Agamemnon, as the princely bride of the godlike Achilles, hailed with shouts by all the peoples of Greece, upon a desert island, to which she had been borne when rescued years before by miracle from the sacrificial altar at Aulis, about to make an offering to the manes of her beloved brother. And here returns again, solemn and serious, that noble melody, with which the Greeks once celebrated her upon the fields of Aulis, but winding now through the most painful modulations. How can we enough appreciate all these large traits of Gluck's genius, which extend to the very word, nay even to the single sound! We can only wonder and admire, as we keep drinking from the spring from which flow beauties ever new and not observed before. Mme. Köster shone in her deep-felt, plastic rendering of *Iphigenia*, especially in the wonderful aria: *O lass mich tiefgebeute weinen*, emulating the *oboe* in the most touching manner. Herr Krüger, the Pylades, was here as a star from the Dresden theatre, where he has made essential progress.

How different the case with Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*! In almost no opera are text and music so much at variance. While the text is a conglomeration of the most dismal, bloody horrors, Donizetti's music goes its own way, and weeps or frolics on its own account, quite unconcerned about the text. But for this very reason it may be, that this hybrid work is found so enjoyable. Who would not have listened smiling to the melodiously beautiful first finale, where the most dreadful cruelties are related with a naive contrast of most harmless sounds? Frl. Wagner,

by her own artistic force, makes a real tragic heroine out of the dramatically unsubstantial figure of *Lucrezia*. Her characteristic presentation is based upon the warmest inward feeling of the part, to which her vocal means unfortunately are no longer equal. She has therefore made judicious alterations in the part and laid aside the embellishments as much as possible. It is a singular phenomenon, that Frl. Wagner latterly has lost something of her fine deep tones, and on the other hand has won back more of the high tones. —More to-morrow. Jf.

WORCESTER, MASS. JAN. 20.—The lovers of music in this city are favored this winter with a series of really fine popular "concerts for the million," which are given under the auspices of Fiske's Cornet Band. Under this title are combined three distinct bands, viz: a full brass band, a serenade band, and an orchestra, all of which are composed of thorough musicians, and all under the direction of Mr. ARBUCKLE. They also have the assistance of a fine glee club, and occasionally that of solo singers. Notwithstanding the variety and talent employed, the price of these concerts is merely nominal, twelve tickets being sold for one dollar. You will see by the programme of last night's concert, which I enclose, that these entertainments are not composed of the hacknied style of music which brass bands (those in this vicinity at least,) are wont to discourse, but are of an order which ought to satisfy the lovers of good music, of whom there are many here.

PART I.	
1—Airs from Nabucco,.....	Verdi
Cornet Band.	
2—Spirito Gentil—from La Favorita,.....	Donizetti
Orchestra.	
3—Song of the Lark,.....	T. Comer
Mrs. Doane.	
4—Star of Love,.....	W. P. Wallace
Serenade Band.	
5—Glee for 3 Voices—We hail the mirth,	
Glee Club.	
PART II.	
1—Miscere and Aria from Trovatore,.....	Verdi
Cornet Band.	
2—Clarinet Solo—O love, for me thy power, from Son-	
nambula.....	
Bellini	
Mr. Hobbs.	
3—Napolitaine, I am Dreaming of thee,.....	Lee
Mrs. Doane.	
4—Deh con te—from Norma,.....	Bellini
Orchestra.	
5—Rosalinda Waltz,.....	D'Albert
Cornet Band.	

We have had concerts of a similar character at intervals for the past eight months, and their legitimate effect is already visible in the marked improvement in the musical taste of those of our citizens whose means do not permit them to frequent more expensive entertainments. The fact speaks well for our public, that the audience increases in number with every performance, and I hope ere long to see our splendid Mechanics Hall packed with those who go there from a genuine love of music. Mr. Arbuckle, the leader, is a universal favorite here, and richly he merits his good name, for his whole soul is in the good work of bringing those under his charge as near perfection as possible, and at the same time giving the public an opportunity rarely offered in small cities like this, of hearing the best class of instrumental music. Rumor speaks of an orchestra of about twenty five pieces under his direction, which is soon to appear. I sincerely hope it may be so, for if we have such an orchestra, it will certainly be a good one. Mrs. DOANE, the vocalist of last evening, is new to me as a solo singer, although I believe she has for sometime been connected with one of our choirs. She has a very sweet soprano voice, which shows considerable cultivation, and a very pleasing style; but the effect was somewhat marred by a slight nervousness of manner which was probably incident to the novelty of her position. Mr. HOBBS, as a clarinet player, is said by those competent to judge to have no superior in the State. Whether this is true or not, he always fully meets the expectation of

his audience. I think he has never played without an encore, and on the occasion of his own benefit he was called out twice to respond to the applause of the multitude.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 30, 1858.

Oratorios—Carl Formes.

The exertions of our public-spirited HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY to give us a hearing of this famous singer in great sacred music, were well rewarded on Saturday and Sunday evening, both by the number of the audience and the complete success of both performances. There were at least two thousand listeners the first night, and many more the second. The Music Hall was in its glory again.

Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was the crowning triumph of our Festival last May. Then it went off as a whole with spirit; the choruses were larger than before or since, and the orchestra, much larger than at present, was superb. It made a lasting impression,—to whose completeness, however, then as before, one element was wanting. We had never heard a competent Elijah; the grand and central figure of the prophet was not palpably before us. This time we had him and we felt him. FORMES was the man. The first sight of him—his commanding person, his fine, intellectual, noble head and brow, relieved by masses of dark flowing hair, his speaking eye, and frank and genial countenance (many saw in him a marked resemblance to Pierre Soulé, and some to Edmund Kean),—and still more the large and ponderous tones with which he delivered the first sentence of the oratorio—even before the overture—namely the recitative which forms the text and key-note of the whole: *As God, the Lord of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word*,—gave us assurance of a man. The great famine chorus, that followed, and all the great choruses, now seemed justified; the cause was equal to the effect. These words were uttered in a calm, majestic manner, in great organ tones of equal volume; no excess of emphasis, but with all simplicity, and evidence of plenty of reserved force. In the dialogue with the widow, there was sweetness and tenderness, mingled with the grandeur of his style. The prophet is as truly human as he is inspired and God-commissioned. In the challenge to the priests of Baal, all is self-possessed and quiet, no force wasted, yet every word distinct and strong and unmistakable, until the closing sentence: *Then we shall see whose God is the Lord*, which he uttered with an inspired energy, each word and ponderous tone surcharged with an electric force. Equally remarkable was the withering sarcasm of *Call him louder; peradventure he sleepeth*, &c. It was sublime musical declamation, all, as the part required.

By this time the attributes of his great voice were patent to all listeners, and more than made good expectation. In power and weight and volume, in clear and perfect resonance, in manly and commanding quality, we have had no bass voice equal to it. The compass, too, as indicated in "Elijah" and as proved in the "Creation," is un-

usually large, from a clear and ringing tenor F down through two octaves and a third. And with all this power, through all this compass, every tone is sweet and musical; he does not smite with hard, dry knocks of sound, but fills the chambers of the ear and soul with warm and vital tone. As a rule he is remarkably true in intonation, for a heavy *basso profundo*; the exceptions only proved the rule; once or twice he would commence a little flat, but the voice soon found its way to true pitch. It is not that kind of singing out of tune which detracts much from the charm of a great artist.

In art of delivery he is consummate. He has wonderful distinctness of enunciation; you never lose a syllable; and his English, if except two or three sounds, is purer than that of most Englishmen. His tone-stroke is sure and firm; if he indulges sometimes—not habitually—in more of the slide or *portamento* than we can think to be in the best taste, it is not that he is any slave to such affectation, or that he has not complete power to avoid it. In recitative, in solid declamation, doubtless, lies his forte; but there was touching tenderness and melody in his rendering of such airs as: *It is enough*. The pathos of that song was equal to the grandeur of the prophetic denunciations. That he possesses also great rapidity and accuracy of execution was shown by his rendering of that tremendous bravura-like air: *Is not his word like a fire*. For the first time we heard that song sung; here was the iron energy of voice to grapple with it; yet there was something wanting: the quick, crackling notes seemed to run too easy, too equal; a little more spasmodic emphasis were truer to the thought.

Certainly, except Jenny Lind, we have heard no such satisfactory singer of great sacred music as Herr Formes. His text inspires him, and his voice is equal to the utterance. Besides its manly dignity and power, there is a fine intelligence in all his singing. He studies meaning and expression, and conveys it in the simplest, surest way. He wastes no force, as we have said; has learned that high artistic secret of *repose*; is calm and strong for the most part, and only pours out the great blasts of fire-tone where they will have all effect. We are told that he is a great actor and can well believe it. But Elijah seems preëminently the part for him. Its grandeur, pathos, and dramatic interest give scope to his best powers. For the first time in his singing do we feel how perfectly Mendelssohn has embodied the idea of the prophet in his music.

The whole air and conduct of Herr Formes was in keeping with his own earnest and refined performance. Not the least charm about him was the hearty interest he took in the whole work; he seemed to be heart and soul in every part of it, as much as in his own, rejoicing when the great choruses went well, and sympathizing with the success of every singer. That marked the true artist, and was in refreshing contrast to the flippancy of many public singers, who think of nothing but themselves on such occasions.

Such was the Elijah. Naturally the rest of the performers seemed to catch his spirit. There was an unusual turn-out of the choral forces, and never, even at the Festival, have the choruses gone off so grandly. The balance of parts among the 300 or more voices was unusually good. There was breadth and fulness of soprano; and the fugue

points, the bits of choral recitative, &c, were taken up with promptness and decision. The great dramatic chorus, describing how the Lord was not in the whirlwind, nor in the fire, but in the "still, small voice," commanded breathless attention. Nothing but the great orchestra of the Festival was wanting to the whole performance.

Of the artists who came with Formes from New York, we were most pleased with Mr. PER-RING, who has a very sweet, true, musical tenor, a pure and finished style, and sings with feeling and expression. But there is equal charm of sweetness and more of elasticity in the tenor of Mr. ADAMS, whose single air: *Then shall the righteous shine*, was beautifully sung. Mme. CARADORI has a large and powerful voice, an energetic delivery and considerable execution; but there was little that was sympathetic or inspiring in her voice or in her singing of the great song: *Hear ye, Israel*. It is a hard, coarse kind of German voice. Miss MILNER sang the part of the widow; there is sweetness in her highest notes, but generally the voice is worn and quite unequal; she has a good English style, but either of the last named parts could have been as well or better rendered by more than one of our own Boston singers. Miss HAWLEY, who made a pleasant impression here last year in Costa's "Eli," still preserves the "tear" in her contralto and recites and sings with tender feeling; but her song is almost of a too melting quality. The palm among the female solos belongs to Mrs. HARWOOD of this city, the freshness, vitality and sweetness of whose soprano charmed all, both in the quartets and in the recitatives of the Youth and of the Queen. It was only once or twice that a strong high note was scream-y. For her short experience as a public singer, her style and execution were highly creditable.

The double Quartet, for the first time in our experience, went smoothly. The single Quartet: *Cast thy burden*, &c. was by some accident thrown out of tune. But generally the Quartets were far better than on former occasions. The unaccompanied Angel Trio: *Lift thine eyes*, was sung by the three boys from the Church of the Advent, Masters WHITE, CHASE and RATCLIFF, and with silvery purity of tone. It was taken a little too slow, which caused a voice to flag once, but the effect was quite angelic; Herr Formes led off a great round of applause. A repetition was declined.

On the whole, even apart from Formes, it was our best performance of "Elijah"—incomparably the best with him. Nothing but the great orchestra of the Festival was wanting—especially to lend force and brightness to that violin cascade in the rain chorus. Mr. ZERRAHN, the conductor, seemed self-possessed and ready at all points; his courtesy of manner established the pleasantest relations between him and the leading artists. The government and members of the Handel and Haydn Society may count that night an era in their history, as it is in the musical history of Boston.

SUNDAY EVENING. HAYDN'S "CREATION."

It has uniformly been our experience after listening to the "Creation," that we found it impossible to tell whether the last chorus, and indeed much of the last portion of the oratorio, had been well performed or not. There is so much sameness in the exquisitely melodious music,

that the sense grows dull before it is two thirds over; there is a cloyed and listless feeling. Uniformly too we have listened with delight to the beginning, and to all before the appearance of Adam and Eve. But this introduction of the human element after the recital of the wonders of creation, seems a weak afterthought; the conubial rhapsodies sound tame and sentimental; already have the angels sung: "Achieved is the glorious work," and there might it fitly end. No song that follows is comparable to those that go before; nor is the concluding chorus one of the great moments of the work; indeed the only really great chorus in the oratorio is: *The Heavens are telling*.

But the first part is ever beautiful and interesting, despite the questionableness of those quaint literal imitations. This time the opening "Chaos" symphony, and all the orchestral accompaniments came out with beautiful clearness of outline and freshness of coloring, and the whole rendering of the music was remarkably successful. The chorus *pianissimo* before the bursting forth of *Light* was lovely. The great climax in *The Heavens are telling* was splendidly wrought up. The firm, sonorous, bass of FORMES was again admirably suited to the recitatives and airs of Raphael. There was a sublime, a superhuman, all-pervading majesty of sound in the "large utterance" of those sentences: *And God made the firmament, &c.; And God said, &c.* The grand voice lent a dignity, too, to those descriptions of the "living creatures." It was the perfection of musical recitation; and when he came to: "*In long dimensions creeps, with sinuous trace, the worm,* the way in which his voice went slowly and firmly down to the D below the lines, and closed there on a full, round, musical organ tone, electrified the audience. In the air: *Now Heaven in fullest glory shone*, especially in the last part: *With heart and voice his goodness praise*, there was a rapturous gush of real melody as he sang it, showing that his gift is not confined to the declamatory.

Mr. ADAMS was very successful in the first tenor recitative and air; the others were sung by Mr. PERRING, who still improved upon acquaintance. Mrs. HARWOOD sang only the solo with chorus: *The marvellous work behold amazed*, and with bright, clear, sweetly ringing voice and brilliant execution. Miss MILNER made a better impression than she did the night before. She sang *With Verdure clad* and *On mighty pens* in a chaste, sustained and finished style; the inequality of her voice being the principal drawback.

The pretty billing and cooing strains of Adam and Eve were sung by Mr. WETHERBEE and Mme. CARADORI. We have heard Eve sing better—both with a more melodious voice and more in earnest. Mr. Wetherbee, placed in no enviable position after the great basso of the two evenings, gave his music admirably, with true artistic style and finish. Were his quality of tone somewhat less dry, and had he a more ponderous volume, he would be one of the most effective of bass singers, as he is already one of the most conscientious, tasteful and expressive.

CONCERTS.

Mr. SATTER'S MOZART FESTIVAL—(Wednesday evening, Jan. 27, the 102d anniversary of that great composer's birth-day)—was a very enjoyable affair. Chickering's saloon was nearly filled with an intelligent and interested audience. It was indeed an eve-

ning with Mozart,—and that we are glad to get at any time. Music more purely genial and inspired than Mozart's has no man written. The programme (for which see last week's paper) therefore, being all of Mozart, is one of the very few best worth recording of this winter.

There was a feast! True, the works were presented on a small scale; but with a Chickering "Grand," with such a pianist as SATTER, and such a violinist as SCHULTZ, much could be done. Fine engravings are next to any but the very best copies of fine paintings. And we like Satter's playing of Mozart, better than anything he does. His unlimited execution enabled him to give good impressions of the orchestral works. The entire "Jupiter" Symphony was a great achievement, the quadruple fugue of the finale coming out distinct and strong. The witching little elfin fugue theme of the *Zauberflöte* overture was rendered with delightful grace and clearness. So was the *Figaro* delightful.

The piano pieces proper were particularly relished, as being mostly new to our ears, and very choice and characteristic. The Rondo from the Concerto was an admirable piece of playing; so was the Fugue. The Fantasia is full of poetic moodiness. The Violin Sonata, and the Variations (especially the Minor one) are full of interest, and were finely played. In the Sonata for two pianos, Mr. S. was really quite well supported by the young lady, who is said to be his pupil. The famous tenor airs were sung with feeling.

The stage was tastefully decorated by Mr. C. W. Roeth. There were illuminations, festoons, vases, flags (the American and German Revolutionary, black, red and gold); in the centre a wreathed bust of Mozart stood before an illuminated star, and at the sides tablets inscribed with the titles of his great works.

This artistic tribute to the genius of Mozart was wholly Mr. Satter's own, his free gift to the listeners. Probably more artists would have cooperated with him, but for a certain eccentricity and ambiguity in his arrangements with regard to invitations, &c. The ways of Mr. S. are certainly eccentric. It might have been a larger affair, but we could hardly wish it better than it was. We thank him for two hours of music unalloyed.

MR. SOUTHARD'S MUSIC, from the opera "Omano," filled Chickering's saloon with an eager audience at the second performance; nearly every piece elicited a very general and warm applause. The Quintet and Quartet especially confirmed the first impression of their effectiveness and beauty, and the duet of soprano and tenor was greatly admired. The singers, however, were nearly all hoarse with colds. We found our first impression of the music very little modified, and still hope to hear the work produced in full. Mr. Southard himself was not present, having accepted a position of organist and teacher in Norfolk, Va. for the coming year, his health requiring change of climate.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The two first Wednesday Afternoon Concerts have drawn good audiences, both of the listening and the flirting classes. ZERRAHN'S orchestra were in fine drill, and played for solids the first afternoon: Mozart's charming Symphony in E flat, and the "Tell" overture; the second afternoon, Haydn's Symphony in D. These were well played and much applauded; and so were the "light" and bright things, waltzes, Carnivals, &c. which must be played so long as young folks seek amusement, and only thereby can be drawn within the deeper sphere of music.

Musical Chit-Chat.

This evening offers us another feast of fine orchestral music.—CARL ZERRAHN'S second concert. He has partially, it seems, abandoned his idea of a "Mozart night," although his programme contains Mozart's greatest Symphony, the glorious "Jupiter," in C, with the fugue finale, and the light and genial "Marriage of Figaro" overture;—besides some kind of a Jack-o' Lantern reflection of Mozart in the shape of a "Papageno Polka" on airs from the "Magic Flute," in the "popular" half of the pro-

gramme. The orchestra will also play a Fantasia with solos, by Lumbye, with a thread of sentimental story running through it, called "The Dream of the Savoyard," and Nicolai's overture to "Merry Wives of Windsor." For virtuosos talent we are to hear the Hungarian violoncellist, KLETZER, who has made so fine an impression in the Vieuxtemps-Thalberg concerts in New York. Mr. Zerrahn has amply proved his night to a general and generous support in these concerts, and we hope to see this evening a larger audience even than that of the first night.... The German ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB announce the third and last of their delightful vocal concerts for next Saturday evening. They come always welcome. Programme in our next.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB offer a rich programme for their fourth (postponed) concert next Tuesday evening. They will repeat that very interesting Quartet of Beethoven in E minor (No. 2 of the Razomouffsky set), and will play for the first time a Quintet in B flat by Mozart. Mr. B. J. LANG, a young pianist of much promise, will play Beethoven's first Trio with the brothers FRIES; and Mrs. M. N. BOYDEN, a new vocalist of whom we hear fine things, will sing two excellent pieces: the *Ave Maria* by Franz, and a Cavatina: *Parto ben mio*, from Mozart's *Titus*.... The second concert of the German Trio (Messrs. GAERTNER, HAUSE and JUNGnickel) will take place at Chickering's next Monday evening.

The Transcript gives a good description of the outward man Herr FORMES:

Great singers do not always manifest their gifts in their physical proportions—a ponderous voice often belying an insignificant frame, and a grossness of fat (as in Alboni's case) concealing a refinement and exquisite grace of musical expression—yet Formes stands confessed a great singer before a vocal utterance;—a noble and generously moulded throat gives assurance of the volume of sound within; and a large, expressive mouth betokens no hindrance to its easy outflow. Long and wavy black hair typifies the poetic inspiration that will dash his song, and the keen and restless eye, the nerve and passion that will vitalize it—the bold, high forehead foreshadows the culture and intellectual finish of his performance; and the open, manly features, the heart and soul that he will infuse into it—added to all these a compact and well-knit frame, and a form inclined to be burly, dispel any idea of Italian sentimentality, and bespeak an Anglo-Saxon heartiness and vigor of tone, and a herculean force of delivery that one might think would incline to the rough and the boisterous, were it not that the traits of a gentle and subdued nature beaming in his countenance, and a certain grace and simplicity of manner, denote that these positive qualities will be tempered to the true purposes of his art.

It is now confidently rumored that we are to have Herr FORMES in Opera at the Boston Theatre in the course of a few weeks. Meanwhile the Handel and Haydn Society have taken to rehearsing the "Messiah"—perhaps in anticipation of a performance with Formes. This would be very fine: but why keep rehearsing the "Messiah"? Why spend all the winter on old things? What has become of "Israel in Egypt," on which some six weeks work of the Society were nobly spent, leaving the half of it unlearned! The bringing out of this sublime work of Handel would give more élat to the season than any repetitions of the more familiar works: indeed our Handelian loyalty here will always lie under some suspicion until we shall have brought out and appreciated the "Israel in Egypt," which is one of his two greatest works, and which here very properly claims precedence as being the one unknown.

Of Mr. Ullman's Opera in New York a correspondent of the *Traveller* says:

The success which has attended the operatic season just closed is unexampled in New York; sixty-four representations have been given, of which fifty were of Italian opera; we have had the *Robert le Diable*, the *Fidelio*, the *Rigoletto*, the *Don Giovanni*, the *Italiani in Algieri*, the *Martha*, the *Messiah*, the "Creation," the *Requiem* of Mozart, besides all the old

stock operas: *Norma*, *Il Trovatore*, *Lucia*, et hoc omne genus. Night after night the opera house has been crowded to suffocation; the receipts of the last four evenings alone, reached \$12,000. Four prima donnas, three basses, three tenors, a contralto, a baritone, all worth hearing, belong to the company: 'twas bright, 'twas beautiful, but 'tis past. Part have gone to Philadelphia for ten nights.

Messrs. WILLIAM MASON and THOMAS commence to-night in New York a series of six Classical Matinees, the programmes of which are so inviting that we copy them in full:

I. *Matinée. 20th January.*
1—Quartet. (In D dur.) No. 3. Beethoven
2—Trio. Piano, Viola and Violoncello. Volkmann
3—Solo. Piano. Schumann
4—Quartet. (In A moll.) No. 1. Schumann

II. *Matinée. 13th February.*
1—Quartet. (B dur.) No. 2. Haydn
2—Sonata. Piano. Beethoven
3—Solo. Violin. Schumann
4—Solo. Piano. Mendelssohn
5—Octet. (In E♭ dur.) No. 1. Mendelssohn

III. *Matinée. 27th February.*
1—Quartet. (D dur.) No. 8. Beethoven
2—Sonata. (D moll.) Violin and Piano. Schumann
3—Trio. (D dur.) No. 1. Wolff

IV. *Matinée. 13th March.*
1—Quartet. (D dur.) No. 10. Mozart
2—Andante and Variations. For two Pianos. Schumann
3—Quartet. (G dur.) First movement. Allegro. Schubert
4—Trio. (D dur.) Piano. Beethoven

V. *Matinée. 27th March.*
1—Quartet. (F dur.) No. 2. Schumann
2—Sonata. Piano and Violin. (A dur.) Beethoven
3—Concerto. For two Pianos. Rach

VI. *Matinée. 17th April.*
1—Quartet. (E♭ dur.) No. 12. Beethoven
2—Solo. Piano. Schumann
3—Chaconne. Bach
4—Quartet. Piano. (E♭ dur.) Schumann

PHILADELPHIA is once more the focus of operatic interest. The Ullman company opened at the Academy of Music Friday evening of last week, with the "Barber of Seville." The local pride of the Philadelphians has been gratified; *Fitzgerald* thus describes the scene:

The carriages formed lines along Broad street, and for three quarters of an hour there was a steady stream of lovely women and handsome men pouring into the Opera House, so that when the overture began every seat was occupied, and parquette, circle and balcony were radiant with beauty, and resplendent with the elaborate toilettes of our city belles. After the gloomy, darkly dressed, bonneted and shabby looking audiences of the New York Academy, the vocalists of the troupe must have been most agreeably impressed by the hundreds of magnificent opera cloaks, brilliant ball dresses, and the perfect style and taste of the Quaker village; certainly the contrast must have been strong.

The orchestra, according to *Fitzgerald*, was brassy, noisy, scarchy, and the arrival of conductor Anschütz from Boston (with Formes) was anxiously expected. Gassier was the Barber; Rocco, Dr. Bartolo; Sig. Androvani, Don Basilio, in which part he "proved himself a capital vocalist, and a comic actor of superior rank;" and Mme. Lagrange was Rosina.

Nothing half so fine has yet been heard in the Academy, for La Grange has yet uncommonly good voice, and inspired by the boundless applause of her auditors—who hung upon her breath and then thundered forth their approbation—she sang with all her former perfection. No one observed the least falling off in her abilities, nor in her voice; indeed the excessive tremulousness of which all used to complain in former days was less noticeable than usual, and she regained triumphantly all those admirers who—in the past year—have faltered in their allegiance to La Grange, the Queen of Song. Encores, bouquets, and the acclamations of the audience proved the delight afforded by her magnificent performance, and those who last season thought nothing was so desirable in opera as dramatic power, now begin to think that vocal gymnastics are quite as essential.

On Saturday evening the piece was *Semiramide*. Lagrange "never sang better;" Gassier's singing of the part of Assur is pronounced "grand;" D'Angri's entrée and singing as Arsace created as much enthusiasm as Lagrange. . . . Monday night, *Rigoletto*, for the first time in Philadelphia. The music of Gilda was found "not suited to the present condition of Mme. Lagrange's voice;" nor was Sig. Taffanelli "equal to the part" of Rigoletto. D'Angri, Bignardi and Rocco filled the other parts. . . . On Wednesday night

Herr Formes made his Philadelphia debut as Plunkett, in Flotow's *Martha*, which was sung in German by Lagrange and a part of Bergmann's troupe, viz: Mme. Von Berkel, Herr Oehrlein, and the favorite tenor Pickaneser. Great was the crowd and great the applause. . . . On Thursday there was an afternoon performance of *Norma*, for the debut of Mme. Caradori. Bignardi and Gassier were also to appear. . . . The Germania Afternoon Concerts, Carl Sentz conductor, continue to draw crowds.

NEW ORLEANS. While in our other cities the opera has but a fitful existence, in New Orleans it seems to have attained quite a permanent foothold. In looking over the musical notices of the *Picayune* for the last three months we are struck with the variety, excellence and number of works, which have been performed at the Theatre d'Orleans. We find the following mentioned in the cuttings which we have saved, but have doubts if our list is complete.

Le Caid.by Ambrose Thomas.
Robert le Diable.by Meyerbeer.
La Favorita.by Donizetti.
Huguenots.by Meyerbeer.
Jaguaritu, l'Indienne.by Halevy.
Guillaume Tell.by Rossini.
Trovatore.by Verdi.
Les Amours du Diable.?

Two or three pieces are unknown in our part of the world, having been, so far as we know, only played by French opera troupes.

We gather the following short notices of certain new singers also from the *Pic's* reports.

Mr. Julian's *Fernand* in "Favorita," enabled us to form a more satisfactory opinion of his status as a singer than his previous efforts had done. We find him possessed of a pure tenor voice, of fair compass, as it regards register, but lacking in force. It has been cultivated in a good school, and for what it lacks in power it makes up in sweetness of tone and taste in execution. It is peculiarly sympathetic in quality, and in some of its utterances appeals irresistibly to the heart of the appreciative listener.

Yet it would be unfair to say that the *Fernand* of Julian was at all a tame performance, for it was not. He evinced feeling and fire in the great scene in the third act, where the young Marquis upbraids the King with having dishonored him by wedding him to his "favorite," and in the grand duet with *Leonore*, which immediately precedes her death, he soared with the warmly manifested sympathy of the audience to the achievement of a greater success than we had previously believed it was in his power to command.

The new baritone, Mr. Rauch, made a decidedly favorable impression at least upon such of the audience as condescended to abate so much of their dignity or frigidity, as to manifest any interest at all in the performance.

He has abilities which will in the end overcome all doubts, if any exist, and will compel the favor that his audience, at the debut, seemed to be determined not to be surprised into awarding him, without due trial. He has a fine face and presence, graceful carriage and manner, a well cultivated, and artistically methodized voice, of the pure baritone quality, and if not as powerful as that of some of his predecessors in his role, is still incalculably sweet and expressive. He sang his music like an artist, and showed himself to be as good an actor as singer.

Mr. Vila, the secondo basso of the company, who filled the part of *Balthazar*, the monk, has a voice of power. Its prominent characteristic is its immensity of capacity. It soars higher, and sinks deeper, comes out fuller, heavier, and more voluminously than any other bass voice we ever heard. Junca "roars like a sucking dove," compared with Vila. His utterances remind us of the vibrations of the thirty-two foot pipe in a cathedral organ.

New Orleans has, too, in addition to its Opera, a "Classic Music Society," which began its series of six public performances with the following almost unrivalled programme.

PART I.
1. Overture to "Il Magico Flauto."Mozart.
2. Symphony No. 2, in D. (op. 36.)Beethoven.
PART II.
1. Overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream."Mendelssohn.
2. From Symphony No. 7, in A. (op. 92.)Beethoven.
3. Overture to "Oberon."Von Weber.

We have already accredited the information given in this article to the New Orleans *Picayune*, but do it again, that we may bear our testimony to the uncommon excellence of its musical department, in which we know no daily paper that can rival it, except the Boston *Courier*, and—in spite of its heresies as they often seem to us—the New York *Tribune*.

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PROGRAMME.

Part I.

1—Jupiter Symphony.Mozart
2—a. Adagio for Violoncello.Mozart
b. Fantasia, "Dom Sebastian," (Elegie for 'cello).Batta
FÉRY KLETZER.
3—Overture—The Marriage of Figaro.Mozart

Part II.

4—The Dream of the Savoyard—Grand Fantasia for the Orchestra, with Solos for different instruments (First time in this country).Lumbye
A description will be found on the Programme.
5—Grand Fantasia on Schubert's Walse "Le Desir," for the Violoncello.Merk
FÉRY KLETZER.
6—Romance from the Opera L'Elisir.Halevy
For English Horn and Flute—by Mr. Du Ribas and Mr. Kopitz.
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8—Overture—The Merry Wives of Windsor.Nicola

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Beethoven's E minor Quartette will be repeated, and a new Quartette in E flat by Mozart. Mr. Lang will play in Beethoven's C minor Trio, etc.
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Tickets, 50 cents each, may be had at the music stores, and at the door on the evening.
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